

The Times-D
Bigpatch

Business Office...Times-Dispatch Building
10 South Tenth Street
South Richmond.....109 Hull Street
Washington Bureau.....Munsey Building
Petersburg Bureau.....105 N. Sacramento Street
Lynchburg Bureau.....118 Eighth Street

BY MAIL. One Six Three One
POSTAGE PAID.
Year, Mon. May 10 Mo.
Daily with Sunday.....\$4.00 \$3.00 \$1.50 \$5.
Daily without Sunday.....4.00 2.00 1.00 25.
Sunday edition only.....2.00 1.00 .50 25.

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg
One Week
Daily with Sunday.....25 cents
Daily without Sunday.....10 cents
Sunday only.....5 cents

Entered January 27, 1888, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1873.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15, 1914.

THE SESSION IN REVIEW.

The session of Assembly which ended last night will be remembered not for the laws it passed, but for the proof it gave that our present system of representative government needs repair. Man for man, the Assembly was not below the standard of previous years. The Senate was able the House, if anything, was above its average in intelligence and in desire to meet the will of the people. Yet the end of the session finds high hopes dissipated, good laws defeated, and questionable measures written upon the statute books. Never was there better illustration of Herbert Spencer's dictum that the acts of a legislative body are below the intelligence of the individual members.

Practically every important measure passed was a compromise, more or less unsatisfactory to all. The money tax bill fixed a rate too high to please those who believe in complete exemption, too low for those who advocate a flat rate; the enabling act contains provisions which are ludicrously unjust and altogether discriminatory; the primary bill is far below the standard set by the House committee; the tea bill merely touches the evil it should correct; not a single contested measure is as good as its friends wished it or as bad as its enemies would have it.

More than this the legislation passed was undigested, in some respects crude, and bore evidence of the haste with which it was amended or passed. As proof of this need only be cited the fact that the history of the Assembly, with the exception of two measures, may be written from the journals of the last week. A single day, Friday, witnessed more important legislation in the lower House than was transacted in the first month of the session. Unending debate, untiring orators, ceaseless wrangling, personal appeals innumerable—all of these consumed time and crowded into the last few days of the session bills that could not be properly considered—bills that might have been reviewed by the committees, discussed at length, and sent to the Governor within the first month of the session.

Thus in reviewing the session, we find time wasted and compromise legislation passed where the people had hoped that energy and decision would mark the sixty-day gathering of their representatives. Men who should have approved a strong legislative program have failed, and have added still more to the discontent with the present system of government in Virginia. As we have watched them day by day at their labor and have looked, not at the time-servers, the "operators" and the ignorant, but at the many able men in the tea chambers, we have viewed them as strong men bound anxious to break the chains, striving to assert the will of the people, yet overpowered by a veritable minority and by restrictions that made them impotent. And as we have studied them, we have wondered what is necessary to make future Assemblies more constructive, more responsive, more able to pass the legislation needed.

"We wonder," says the Worcester Evening Gazette, "what would happen to the average newspaper if it is treated like a reader to such a string of ornate neoclassicisms?" We wonder. Yet it is safe to say that those at whom the neoclassicisms were aimed fully understood what the words meant.

The Philadelphia Inquirer is "tired of hit and miss about national honor." Naturally, the American people's sense of honor has taken the hands of the shipping monopolies out of the national treasury.

It is possible for the Democrats of Virginia to infuse red blood into the clogged veins of our legislative body—can we make representation something more than a name? Or must we despair of curing a sick man, and put our trust in direct popular government? One or the other must conquer, for the people of Virginia will not endure much longer the repeated failures of our legislative bodies. For our part, we look to direct government as advisable only when it is indispensably manifest that representation is an utter failure. Hopefully and gladly, we join with the host who are willing to make one more effort to vindicate the present system.

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As we understand it, Ambassador Page made the mistake of not knowing that some Senators and newspapers are contemptible enough to attempt to pervert his remarks for their own ends, but it is unblushing hypocrisy for those Senators and newspapers to point it out to him.

McAfee has nailed down his job as Secretary of the Treasury.

Is Cupid a member of President Wilson's Cabinet?

October, November, December and January, gallant fellows all, plied gracefully to feminine fashions, but February and March, the boors, cared not whether the ladies God bless 'em, wore enough clothes or not.

J. P. Morgan & Co. may not have received any of the New Haven loot, but does it know who did get it? It's gone.

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Teston our gave alarm when sausage factory caught fire. Must have had some friends there.

are less, by law, than those of half a score of the lesser executive officers, and even those he has are viewed with jealousy by an element of the Assembly. We have no right to place a man in power, as titular head of the State government, and force him to be content with the title! We must give him power to lead and to force men to follow.

If we placed power in the hands of the executive, and if we had a definite policy which we, as a party, carried out, we should find strong men willing to run for office and to serve. Great public events call out the best of our citizens—as witness the Constitutional Convention—and the prospect of constructive legislation will appeal to men who will not now stand for office. But we must remember that even if good men be elected, they cannot do effective work under the present system.

Of course, the perpetual talking of a little group of members of the House all hopes of lawmaking a-glimmering during the last weeks of the session, and practically sealed the fate of half the bills on the calendar. But, even had these men not wasted so many precious hours, there would still not have been time for the necessary legislation under the existing rules with a session of but sixty days. It should be extended to ninety days, and should be held under rules that will simplify the passage of bills, and questionable measures written upon the statute books. Never was there better illustration of Herbert Spencer's dictum that the acts of a legislative body are below the intelligence of the individual members.

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When, in the course of an interview in Washington, he espoused several prophecies as to the fate of the Republican and Democratic parties, the former Senator did not explain whether he was prophesying in a joking way or joking in a prophetic way. He does not have to explain that whatever he meant, what he said was ridiculous, it is probably so.

"There are millions of men out of work to-day," says the eminent jester, "and all because of the new tariff bill." There is every evidence that the progressive vote is anxious to come back."

"There are thousands of Democratic business men who will openly expose the Democratic policies and then go to the polls and vote for the Republican candidates and protection of their business."

These are some of his gems of wit or prophecy, whenever he intended them to be. As either they are failures, Ex-Senator Depew should confine his after-dinner speaking to after-dinner periods,

SUSQUEDALIAN LUCIDITY.

Princeton University students who broke up a chapel gathering because the sermon was too long to suit their tastes were taken severely to task by the Daily Princetonian. The rebuke administered by the Princetonian was very generally regarded as just, but some of our exchanges are making merry over the free use of Johnsonese English, a sample of which follows:

Yesterday's asthmatic affliction of the Sunday consumptives was a deliberate, freerent act of consummate profligacy to their god. It was a diabolical piece of premeditated insolence to the university preacher. Finally, it was a conclusive demonstration of the much-advanced theory of undergraduate profligacy. It was the most childishly impudent, the most needlessly reasoned case of mental infatuation yet observed.

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MUST HAVE A COLLEGE.

We did not favor the establishment of a co-ordinate college for women at the University of Virginia and consequently did not regret the defeat of the bill which died in the House Friday. But we are firm believers in the higher education of women, and we trust those of our readers who have shared our belief that the college should not be located close to the University of Virginia will not let opposition to the location of the college prejudice the claim of women for higher education at the hands of the State.

In particular, we trust that the argument which was used effectively in the House will not prevail for the future—that we cannot educate our young women because we must educate our children. The two lines of endeavor do not conflict, but rather fit together. We cannot hope for better popular education until we improve our teaching staff; this we can never do until we train the teachers. To this, both the normal school and the college are necessary.

Stop a moment and think whether this is not true. Study the characters whom you really admire; those whom you would wish in your heart most perfectly to resemble. They are the grateful souls, whose spirits are so large that they are constantly recognizing with gladness and thanksgiving blessings which other people are accepting as a matter of course.

Whittier tells us that one day he was driving with Ralph Waldo Emerson, when the latter pointed out to him a little unpainted house by the roadside, and said: "There lives an old Calvinist lady in that house, and she says she prays for me every day. I am glad she does. I pray for myself." "Does thee?" said Whittier. "What does that pray for, friend Emerson?" Well, replied the philosopher, "when I first open my eyes upon the morning mists, and look out upon the beautiful world, I thank God that I am alive and that I live so near Boston." The reasons for gratitude, which were all unnoticed by the vast multitude of lesser souls, filled him with daily joy. And that was because he was Emerson.

It is always the easiest thing in the world to win the benediction of a great and noble heart. These Philippians had not done very much for Paul compared with what he had done for them. But here we find him when he remembers their little kindnesses, boasting himself in appreciation before his God. And that was because he was Paul. We should never suspect such a thing of Judas or Herod. And so was it with him whom some of us love to worship. When Mary poured the oil of spikenard upon His feet, for which not the others condemned her, He made such mention of that dead of thoughtfulness that she is remembered to-day, 2,000 years after the event. And that was because He was Jesus Christ. And the more completely we become His disciples—that is, His scholars, for that is what the word means—the more we shall see in people and our daily circumstances that for which to "give our due thanks on every remembrance of them."

One great reason why we lose out of our lives so much of this joy of appreciation is because our causes for thankfulness are wonderfully abundant. The very extensiveness of our wealth which smiles upon us in the landscape, which breathes in the air, which glows in the sunshine, which endures in the home—yes, and which lies latent in the hearts of men and women all about us, only waiting to manifest itself if we will look for it—makes us forget how much we possess. And so we feel poor, while thousands who are much poorer than we are rich. There was substance for thought in that remark which a millionaire once made to me: "A man is just as rich as he feels." And he who said it was no illustration of its truth, for he added: "I never was so rich in my life as when I lived in poverty."

Do you wish to prove what I have said? Then I will tell you how. Purchase a cheap book for a diary. Do not take very little time for you to write in it ten minutes in the morning, perhaps, and ten minutes at night, on the morning's page jot down a list of the things you are afraid of for that day, and of things you are anticipating with pleasure; on the evening's page a list of the evils which have been averted and the unexpected happiness which have come to you. And do not forget the little things, for they are the greatest. When a month has passed by, take a Sunday afternoon and read it all over. Then open your Bible to the one hundred and forty-seventh psalm, and discover a new meaning in the Singer's song as translated by Tyndale—"A joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful."

The British laughed while Congress took it seriously. Exit old eng about English inability to see a joke.

New York Bull Moosers to back Goodals for Governor of the State. Haven't those fellows any sense of humor?

Inventor of the tango dance goes crazy. Remorse?

Seems to us as if the ground hog would be ashamed to show his face.

The British laughed while Congress took it seriously. Exit old eng about English inability to see a joke.

That Houston negro charged with "unmercifully beating a mate in the South End" should have hit him over the head with a club.

"How easy it is," opines the Charleston News and Courier, "to reform other people because his wife attempted suicide twenty-two times should cheer up. Twenty-three is the exit number."

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There is something wrong with a mill that produces no grist for seven weeks and four days, and then grinds it all out in three days.

Schools out.

"Where are all the Buffalo nickels? Where are all the any kind of nickels?"

If President Wilson really wishes to stop off intervention why does he not advocate that the government pay dividends of the property in Mexico of foreign capitalists?

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THE NOBILITY OF GIVING THANKS.

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"I thank my God on every remembrance of you!"—Philippians 1:3.

The apostle said more than he intended to there. This text speaks not half so much of the Philippians as it does of Paul, though probably he never knew it. He was seeking simply to commend the nobility of his friends, but, unconsciously, he was exhibiting the nobility of himself; for one of the truest tests of greatness is found in our appreciation of little kindnesses.

Stop a moment and think whether this is not true. Study the characters whom you really admire; those whom you would wish in your heart most perfectly to resemble. They are the grateful souls, whose spirits are so large that they are constantly recognizing with gladness and thanksgiving blessings which other people are accepting as a matter of course.

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